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## THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

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he came of age, we were in the house. Len was never quiet. For days he did not rest, and I think he got very little sleep, for I often heard him pacing the house or passing out of doors. Several times I followed him to the cliffs, fearing he might do violence to himself. For during those last days his life must have been very hard to bear. Yet he had no idea of committing suicide. Surely Len's suffering was enough to atone for any act committed by any ancestor of his."

"Len was a very intelligent fellow. Perhaps this had much to do with making his dread of the curse greater than it would have otherwise been?"

"Perhaps you are right. His wealth gave him a different standing in the community, and his love for Marie also made him look upon the coming of the curse with hatred. At last the time came. He was exhausted with expectation and with the sleepless wandering of many days and nights. He could not stand, but sat with a ghastly face and rolling eyes as the moment came. The time passed. I saw the nervous twitching of his mouth and the clenching of his hands. Several minutes passed, and he began to struggle as one in a fit. He started from his chair, only to fall back again like a corpse. He slipped to the floor, beating with his hands the mat on which he lay; then with a terrible cry he was on his feet again, and seizing me by the arm, he cried:

"Pierre! Pierre! the curse is upon me! The curse is mine! I am dying of thirst."